

# IMPROMPTU PROFUNDITY

*Greg R. Norton*

*September 16, 2024*

IN SITTING DOWN HERE, again, I'm sifting through my thoughts, and trying to discern if there are any definite concepts, or ideas which wish to be expressed. Often, ideas will be somewhat slow in starting, and I will have to coax a concerted flow into existence. It might be possible to use a jazzy leed in line, like, say, for instance, 'Looking within the heart and

mind can start with a method of receptively attuning, and allowing any ideas which wish to go onto the page, to do so.'

'Starting with a few opening words, we will begin to see the nature of our subconscious being.'

'To know of what is within the mind and heart, you can try by using a few words to start a momentum, and just see what follows.'

'To write well, can require a good command over a pen and notebook, or can depend on having a good typing ability, and inputting your thoughts, as they arise.'

'This can, with effort, coax thought forth.'

Well, I hope my reader can see how, there really aren't any limitations, in free form

writing of this nature, and we can tap into different ranges of mastery, from the slow and faltering, to that which seems to be 'Pre determined,' or even 'destiny.' The spirit beings which encompass our mortal society, are enormously powerful, and verbose presences, and will be willing to demonstrate their sort of 'impromptu profundity,' and lend to your writing a definite structural solidity. What we are doing, in attuning to the subconscious, is a kind of feeling around in a darkened room, in order to learn of interior decor. A stronger being contributing will lend the writing a definite strength. Of course, we

cannot know of future times, until by trying we can create, or allow, or preclude, or prevent them. We seem to be in a fairly good time, right now. But, the inflationary economic pressures are said to be enormous. Having seen bad earthquakes, such as the one in Turkey, a couple of years ago, in which fifty or sixty thousand people perished, definitely makes North America's occasional seismic events, and volcanism, when they occur, seem to us a little more ominous... such is somewhat spoken of periodically, and can lend to the presence of impromptu profundity, for instance, as some of the ranges of inner experience

appear to have somewhat more depth. On the other hand, the earth might be stable, and with very little risk of earthquake... but it might be the unpredictability of the political times, which make the inner predicament seem more like a teeter totter. This year isn't so unprecedented, with such vexing east west difficulties... just from looking back at the middle to late nineteen sixties, and especially the dark moods which the iron curtain, and the soviet union in those days seemed to bring up, at any time of the day or night, you can see the parallel to our contemporary time. With the Vietnam conflict causing such gross

hurts, and traumas, people I think had to 'get a little crazy,' and insist on the most idealistic and visionary artist creations, and media, and performances... difficult times, seemed to requisite strong medicine. At any rate, I find a lot of comfort in working on writings of this kind, as the East West times are just somewhat vexing... it helps to think you're brainstorming, or questing, in an effort to better understand, or relate to the present. You might can see from this, that my thoughts might be somewhat chaotic in coming, but I'm certainly able to smooth them out, and find the good sense, which may be there. Well, it's our first

sunny morning, in a while, and we are expecting a bit of rain from the west, later. At any rate, I've recently put together a new piano and keyboard album, and such is lending to my time this morning a definite sort of wonder, and gratitude... I sincerely hope that this music is finding an willing audience.... it appears to come somewhat naturally to myself, and this may explain my happiness, as others may create, through myself, the music which they most wish to hear, and possess. Myself 'Playing to fulfill someone elses dreams, of what they think music should be...' maybe this is the highest ambition of my life and times

here on earth. I hope my reader can glean a few nuances, of just what might go into this writing, as such might be seen as the product of a lot of people's expectations, and aspirations? (Of course, there's no one to blame for any of my mistakes but me.) At any rate, these have been a few thoughts. There has been bad flooding in central Europe, over the weekend, and a bad typhoon today ravaged parts of coastal China... I guess that it's no wonder that I felt bewilderment last night, what with so many lives affected. I'm enjoying the sunn room this morning, and getting writing done here. But part of me knows what's



happening... lives and property impacted. Well, I'm thinking about a few things, this and that, and trying to make sense of this time, when my belongings are almost all packed in bags, and boxes and put at the end of my bed... and I'm awaiting word on when I'll be moving. This writing isn't coming very easily, and I'm left thinking, maybe I should give it up for the time being. When I do get like this, and my progress appears to slow to a crawl, I yet hold out hope that I can move things along by employing jazzy, impromptu rhythmic patterns in such... as in thinking of how it's best to get yourself into the local patterns,

and simply enjoy living... when a person like myself, has a consciousness like I do, at the intersection of spirituality, tradition, religion, and belief, and in possession of an art form which allows for full expressive freedom... we sometimes wonder, just how it is we should live in society, whether one way or another would be best... it helps to consider, how we each have our own unique individual reasons and causes for the specific station we're given, and we should really make ourselves content, and not question one another's reasons. When a person really grasps the importance of being accepting, and of not striving, or

groping or struggling, with that which the Good Lord has done in a life, we wont be so quick to criticise another... because they're in the life they've been given, same as you are. We're somewhat 'in the same boat.' At any rate, having listened closely to both Surreal Dream Sequence, the soundscape, and The Happy Couple soundscape, I can hear the strengths in them both. I'm happy to say that they're each nice reeds... I think that the listener should get them both. They each have their own unique way about themselves, and can be enjoyed together or separately. Well, these ideas seem to be coming to their

conclusion, now, and I guess that I'll wrap them up, and add them in with the others. All for now, Greg.